

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 685.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1877.

PRICE 1½d.

THE WOODEN LEG.

A NUMBER of years ago, when temporarily residing at a quiet sea-side resort in the south of England, time hung heavy on our hands. We had no conversable acquaintances, no books to fall back upon, nothing to excite any particular interest. Before quitting home we had promised to write to an aged invalid lady and her two daughters about anything that occurred during our stay at this sea-side retreat, but felt at a loss what to write about. At length something cast up. It was greedily seized upon, and formed the subject of a letter, which long after being forgotten, has been accidentally put into our hands by the elder of the two daughters, to whom it was addressed, with the remark that it had been the means of amusing her poor dear mamma, now passed away. The remark consoled us, for the letter was anything but brilliant. We offer our readers a copy, as a specimen of an attempt at squeezing literary material out of a dreadfully dull watering-place.

'Since coming to this retired spot, I have noticed two ladies with wooden legs. These require to be described separately, for the legs differ in character, and I daresay materially differed in price. They may be spoken of as legs Nos. 1 and 2. Leg number one consists of a rounded black pin of the old genuine wooden-leg type, and which is now very much less common than it used to be within my remembrance. The leg is neatly turned, with no disguise about it—a downright wooden leg as may be seen by all the world. To all appearance it does not form an entire leg. It evidently goes only as high as the knee. This half-leg, as it correctly should be called, belongs to a smart well-dressed young lady, who stumps about with it beautifully, though no doubt with considerable exertion. As the knee seemingly rests on a cushion, the lower part of the unfortunate limb projects behind, yet not in an ungainly way. Thanks to crinoline, the real leg and foot are to a certain extent shrouded from observation. However, one can see a kind of jerking out of the

foot, on every movement of the red petticoat and tucked-up dress behind.

'While compassionating one so young and so beautiful on account of what appeared an irreparable misfortune, it is quite pleasing to see how smartly she goes about with her wooden leg. Gaily dressed, turban with a delicate feather, tucked-up dress, she walks on at a good pace, laughing, chatting, and in as high spirits as if nothing was the matter. With two young-lady companions she daily parades on the public Esplanade overlooking the shingly beach. Good manners of course forbid any one noticing the infirmity, and nobody pays any attention to it—a circumstance contributing to the young lady's sprightliness. It is at the oriel window of our apartments, which commands the Esplanade from end to end, that I have observed how cleverly the wooden limb is managed. Before moralising on the subject, let me say something of the other artificial leg.

'Leg number two, as I have called it, is an ambitious leg. It is a sham leg which makes an attempt to seem real, and I regret to say the attempt is not very successful. The owner is a lady somewhat *passée*. She is dull, I would almost say suffers under melancholy reflections. Beyond a doubt, her leg had been amputated above the knee, probably from having been seriously injured by some terrible accident. Looking at her as she walks along with a halt in her gait, I call up visions of the pain she has experienced, of her sufferings, of her blighted hopes, of her perpetual discomfort. I also picture the trouble she has had in seeking about for a good artificial leg maker. How she looked over an assortment of legs. How she at length fixed on a particular pattern, and was measured for one of the same kind. Just think of being measured for a leg! And think, also, of the servant coming into the parlour, and saying: "If you please, ma'am, the man has come with the leg you ordered." Next, think of going up to your room and trying on the leg! How awkward it would at first feel—stump, stump, as you walked across the floor. Weeks would elapse before the leg became at all familiar.

'Although this artificial leg is to a certain extent a failure, it answers its purpose better than if it had been a mere unyielding wooden pin. The opinion I form is that there is a deficiency in the *mécanique*, for while the heel goes down, the forepart of the foot does not fall or take the ground neatly. I am told that all depends on the arrangement and easy working of the springs and other machinery. You may have a five-pound leg or a ten-pound leg, nay, I believe, a twenty or thirty-pound leg, according to the nature of the springs, pulleys, straps, and wheel-work. For anything I can tell, the leg in question was a five-pound leg. At least, it does not appear to be of a high order. A keen regard for economy in a matter of this kind is poor policy. I should say if you want an artificial leg that will look and act as nearly as possible like a real one, do not grudge the money. Get the best article in the market. Some people will remember the case of the Marquis of Anglesea, who lost a leg at Waterloo. His lordship procured an artificial leg which was so real in appearance and was so adroitly managed, through the agency of springs and so on, that he rode on horseback and danced at balls as if the sham leg consisted of real flesh and blood. There was a triumph of artificial leg making that would do credit to our own times.

'Reflecting on the two cases of ladies with artificial legs that have come under my notice, I am struck with the oddity of the whole affair. Until these later times, it was customary to see old soldiers and sailors with wooden legs, and seldom any one else. Except on rare occasions, civilians did not get their legs shattered, ladies almost never. The progress of national improvement has changed all that. Railway accidents—properly speaking blunders through carelessness—have begun to enlarge the number of persons requiring artificial legs of some sort or other. Travellers are now in the category of soldiers going to battle—legs and arms fractured, ribs broken, dislocations of various kinds. Fortunately, mechanical science keeps pace with these disasters. Latterly great improvements have been effected in the construction not only of artificial legs, but of hands and arms. So that with sufficient care and a suitable expenditure, mutilation is robbed of half its horrors. The modern artificial leg-makers, of whom there are several in London—one notably in Oxford Street—may be styled public benefactors. Such assuagements do not the less incline us to sympathise with young ladies, who all at once when on a railway excursion come out of "an accident" with so bad a compound fracture of the leg that amputation and an artificial leg become necessary. Ladies pride themselves on their neat boots and feet, these being usually points for criticism. An artificial leg of any description finishes all that. Sad to contemplate. Hopes of marriage at an end. No more dancing or flirting, or hooking on with chatty parties of young gentlemen going to church. And what personal inconveniences! Unbuckling the leg at night on going to bed, and having to hop about or use a crutch when the leg is off. Putting on the leg in the morning. In sitting down, always some consideration as to how the leg is to

be adjusted. Going up and down stairs, the real leg first at every step, and the artificial leg brought up behind it. The unpleasantness of ordering boots and shoes, and the still greater unpleasantness of being generally pitied.

'Such were some of the thoughts that passed through my mind. One thing puzzled me. How did it occur that the young lady with leg number one was so happy-looking? All my preconceived notions were upset. I had ventured to think of the bare possibility of you and your sister stumping down the street to church with an artificial leg—even a good ten-pound leg full of springs—and what a calamity either of you would consider it. But here to my amazement is a sweet gleesome maiden going about with a wooden leg of the simplest structure, and she seems to be in no respect affected with the misfortune. Now, said I to myself, that girl's conduct is a fine example of philosophy and pious resignation. Knowing that she is destined to be lame all her days, she submits with a good grace, puts a pleasant face on the matter. Deprived of certain hopes of happiness befitting her age and position, she has in her dire misfortune learned to say and feel, "Thy will be done." That is the notion I have formed regarding her, and a consideration of the cheerful manner she endures her hapless infirmity does me good. The poor young thing is a practical example of resignation. She seems as if saying to me and others: "You pretend to have trials and vexations—look at me! You have been spared the discomfort of a wooden leg." I accordingly feel happier, than I might otherwise do. Thus Providence, while sending misfortunes, beneficently sends consolations, and in all circumstances we are not without reasons to be thankful.'

W. C.

THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

CHAPTER VII.—VANQUISHED.

We were living very quietly. Mr Farrar was getting no nearer to convalescence, and all gaiety was still in abeyance. The few callers who made their appearance at Fairview were mostly new acquaintances, made since Lilian had returned home and her father had commenced giving large entertainments; and their visits were very 'few and far between.' They were politely interested in Mr Farrar's health; hoped his charming daughter would keep up her spirits; felt *quite* sure he was safe in Sir Clement's hands—Sir Clement was *always* successful; and so forth: then rustled smilingly away in their rich dresses; no doubt with the pleasant consciousness of having done all that could be expected. We on our side could well have spared them that amount of labour. Dear old Mrs Tipper was always depressed and conscious of her shortcomings after such visits; and Lilian would nestle up closer to me, as though making a silent protest of her own against such friendship as they had to offer. In truth, the greater part of those who came were merely rich; and the two or three elderly ladies who were not unlike Mrs Tipper, were too completely under the control of fashionable daughters to forget their grandeur and compare notes with her about past times, as they would have been only too glad to do. Mr Farrar had passed his

old friends on the road to wealth, and had not yet quite succeeded in overtaking more distinguished ones. The little his daughter had seen of their great friends had not made her desire to see more.

'Arthur says I shall enjoy being in society when once I get used to it; but— Do you think I shall, dear Miss Haddon?'

'There must be some advantage in mixing with people, dear; but you know I have been as little accustomed to what is called society as you have.'

'I sometimes think it is that which makes it so nice to be with you. You are so different from the people who come here, and so like those I knew in the dear old vicarage-life. You never say a thing merely because it is polite to say it.'

'I hope I do not say things it is impolite to say, goosy,' I smilingly replied. It was so pleasant to know that I found favour in her sight.

'I wish Arthur's sister were more like you, Mary,' hesitatingly and gravely. 'She makes more loving speeches—she is always saying that she longs for the time to come when we can be more together; and yet we never seem to draw a bit nearer to each other; sometimes I almost fear we never shall.'

No; they never would. I had seen quite enough of Mr Trafford's sister to know that Lillian and she would always be far enough apart in spirit. Mrs Chichester was a great favourite with, and in much request by the world to which she belonged. 'A young and attractive woman—a charming widow, who had been unfortunate in her marriage,' said her friends. 'A manœuvrer, who had married an old man for his money, and found too late that it was all settled upon his grown-up children by a former marriage,' said others. She was called very sensitive and good and sweet. I only know that her sweetness and goodness were of a very different texture from Lillian's.

As I watched them together, Mrs Chichester, with her pretty vivid face, graceful languid air, and soft voice, uttering a string of ultra-affectation speeches, and Lillian shyly responding in her own fashion with a low murmured word, a warm flush on her cheeks, or a little half-gesture, I think I rated them both at their true value.

Mrs Chichester was the only lady who came to Fairview upon intimate terms; and she only came when she could make her escape, as she termed it, from a host of engagements. I had my suspicions that she did not find her 'dearest Lillian' quite so congenial as she affirmed. There was a grave uncompromising truth about Lillian which I believe Mrs Chichester found rather difficult to get on with for any length of time. In time I noticed something else: Mrs Chichester's visits were generally made on the days we expected Robert Wentworth.

For the first two or three times of our meeting, she took great pains to cultivate me, declaring that she foresaw we were to become great friends. But after a while I appear to have ceased to interest her; although she was none the less sweet and pleasant to me on the occasions we had anything to say to each other. In truth, I believe that neither her brother nor she took very cordially to me; though both seemed to consider it necessary to keep up the appearance of doing so. Had they been more open about their sentiments, they would not have offended me. I had no right to expect more from them than I gave; and I really gave very little.

Arthur Trafford might perhaps have been taken more into my favour than was his sister, but for his engagement to Lillian. As an every-day young man, with artistic tastes, there was nothing in him to positively object to. But such negative goodness was not, I told myself, sufficient for Lillian's husband. Her husband ought to be able to appreciate her in quite a different way from that of Arthur Trafford. I am not sure that he even knew the best part of her.

I think the principal reason for his not taking to me was jealousy. Lillian was a little too much absorbed in her new friend to please him. With his sister it was different; and I was very much amused by her tactics. It requires little intelligence to defeat schemers, who generally plan on the supposition that some complicated machinery will be used to circumvent them, and who are thrown out in their calculations when one does nothing. Mrs Chichester began to adopt the tone of being rather afraid of Miss Haddon; and some of her little speeches about my unapproachableness and so forth, reached the ears they were not intended for.

'If I did not see that you take to her so much, dearest, I should fancy her unsympathetic and cold—one of those natures one never can feel at home with.—O yes,' in reply to an earnest protest from Lillian; 'good of course; extremely, I have no doubt; but I am so enthusiastic in my friendships, and she quite chills me.'

It so happened that there was another hearer of this little speech besides myself. Our dinner-party had been enlarged that evening by the presence of Mr Wentworth as well as Mrs Chichester, and we had all dispersed afterwards, leaving Mr Farrar and his sister in the drawing-room for their after-dinner rest. I had contrived to slip away from the others, and went down to my favourite seat on the low wall a little more readily than usual, turning my back upon Fairview. As Mrs Chichester's speech sounded very close to me, I stood up. She would be able to see me across the gooseberry and currant bushes, and so be warned not to say more than she would like to do in my presence. But she and her companion had passed on, and were, I thought, already out of sight. I was sitting down again, when a voice by my side quietly asked: 'Of whom were they speaking?'

'Mr Wentworth!' I ejaculated in some surprise at his having found out my retreat. I thought no one penetrated beyond the kitchen gardens.

Robert Wentworth and I were becoming fast friends. The few times we had met at Fairview had been sufficient to shew me that I had found a friend, and no ordinary one. Moreover, I had built up a little romance about him. Though I had so soon discovered the mistake I had made in supposing that he was engaged to Lillian, I believed that he loved her, as only such men can love; and while I heartily wished he held Arthur Trafford's place in her heart, I felt all a woman's sympathy for one whose hopes were wrecked, and who yet could bear himself so manfully. This had in the outset inclined me to make friends with him more than with any one else who visited Fairview. The more I knew of him, the more I found to respect.

As I have said, I was not without a suspicion that Mrs Chichester regarded him with favourable eyes; and I will do her the justice to say that I

believe she was in this instance false to her creed, and loved him for himself, though he was as yet said to be only a rising man. 'He had not worked and struggled in vain, thought one or two who had watched him with some interest; and there was now some chance of his succeeding at the bar,' said Arthur Trafford.

'Of whom were they speaking?' he repeated. It was his habit always to get an answer.

'Of me. I think you must have guessed as much as that.'

He laughed; sitting down by my side.

'Then why are you so philosophic about it? Do you think it is good to be cold and unsympathetic?'

'It may be good to be cold and unsympathetic—to some things.'

'What things?'

But I was not going to be drawn into a discussion in that direction. He was always trying to lead me into abstract talk, and sometimes I enjoyed taking a little flight with him; but I reserved to myself the right of choosing the direction we should take.

'What things?'

I jestingly replied that I would leave him to determine what things.

'You appear to very decidedly turn your back upon some things.'

'I enjoy that view.'

He turned his eyes upon it for a moment. 'It is pretty enough in its way.'

'In its way, indeed!' Then I presently went on: 'It is a way of quiet loveliness, which has a great charm for me in its suggestions of peace and rest. That house amidst the trees, by the hill-side, has a special attraction for me. Even you must allow it is a charming retreat.'

'That low house? It is well enough; but'—turning his eyes upon my face, he added sharply: 'What do you want with rest and peace and charming retreats? What right have you to be sighing for them?'

'Right? Surely every one has a right to them that can get them?'

'The right is only fairly won by working for it; and what have you done? I mean of course, in comparison with what you have the power to do.'

I suppose I looked my surprise. He went on more gravely: 'Pardon me, but I gave you credit for being one of the last to desire "inglorious ease." I believed that even your life here, with its many demands, is not quite enough for the exercise of your full strength. Rest and peace are for the weak and vanquished.'

'Then I suppose it is feeling weak and vanquished which makes me incline towards them.'

'A little morbidness, more likely; the need of something to fight against. And yet,' he added musingly, 'there ought to be enough to exercise your energies here.'

'There is enough to satisfy the most belligerent,' I replied, laughing outright. 'I assure you there is ample opportunity for the exercise of any power I may possess in that direction.'

'And you acknowledge yourself vanquished?'

'Not by anything here, Mr Wentworth.'

'I beg your pardon,' gravely. Then, with the abruptness of friendship, he presently added: 'Did Trafford give you the *Westminster*? The paper I marked ought to interest you.'

'No; he forgot, I suppose.'

'Oh, I see. I must be my own messenger next time, or—employ Becky. You shewed some discrimination in giving her a step in life.'

'Becky! Do you know her?'

'A little.'

'Please do not be mysterious.'

'I made her acquaintance when—— You do not think I was so inhuman as to let you go that day without keeping you in sight, in order to make sure you came to no harm. And—— Well, I did not feel quite sure about you, so kept about the place until I came upon Becky; and we two struck up a friendship.'

'It was good of you.'

'Was it? I am too much accustomed to analyse motives to be quite sure about that.'

'And you have been in Becky's confidence all this time!' I murmured a little confusedly, with the consciousness of what that might mean.

'More than she imagines, perhaps; since she is no match for me in diplomacy. I need not tell you she is leal.'

'No.'

'How different the ring of those two voices!' he presently added, as the others again approached by the path running parallel with the wall upon which we were sitting, and on the other side of the kitchen garden, separating and screening us from observation, and across which came the voices of Mrs Chichester and Lillian.

'I am glad that is evident to others as well as to me,' I rejoined. 'I like to think they are dissimilar in the least as well as the greatest points. Lillian will never become a woman of fashion.'

'Not while what she typifies is out of date.'

I knew that he meant the enthusiasm and romance—the delicate purity of her mind, which was so harmoniously typified by her style of beauty. Then following out my thought, I absently added: 'And you are his friend.'

'We were together at Eton and Oxford. Our families are distantly related; and he being four or five years my junior, was placed by his father in some degree under my charge, though we were in different sets.'

'I can imagine that.'

'He was a favourite at the university; and'—as though searching about in his mind for some other good thing to say—'His love for her is sincere.'

'Yes; thank God, it is that!'

'Mr Wentworth and Miss Haddon! I had not the least idea of finding you here!' It was Mrs Chichester speaking, with the prettiest air of surprise as she emerged from the side-path, though the keen glance with which she measured the distance between him and me was not unobserved by one of us. 'What a delightful retreat! May I join you?'—sitting down by my side with a graceful little addendum about feeling fatigued, and having found herself somewhat *de trop* with the lovers.

'And gentlemen are so very frank with sisters in such cases—are they not? Are you blest with brothers, Miss Haddon?' And so on, a list of questions which brought out the facts that I was not only lacking in brothers, but many other blessings.

'Quite alone in the great world, and an orphan. How very sad!'

Someway, whenever Mrs Chichester attempted to talk sentiment, it was apt to degenerate into bathos; more perhaps from the contrast between her face and manner and what she said, than from the words themselves.

'And past the age for charity schools, Mrs Chichester,' I smilingly replied.

'Oh, but indeed, indeed, you must not think I meant anything of that kind!' Then, turning towards Mr Wentworth in a pretty distressed way, she entreated him to help her to persuade me that she had really meant no harm. 'I assure you I had not the slightest intention to give offence; do, pray, believe it, Miss Haddon.'

Mrs Chichester was always so terribly afraid of offending Miss Haddon, and so extremely and obviously cautious lest any word of hers should remind me of my position.

'Unfortunately the facts remain, however kind you may be about it, Mrs Chichester,' I gravely replied. 'I am an orphan, and alone in the great world.'

'And so completely defenceless—so weak, and easily vanquished,' gravely put in Robert Wentworth.

'Ah, now you are laughing at me!' she ejaculated, an angry light in her eyes. 'I expected more courtesy from you, Mr Wentworth.'

'I assure you I was only repeating Miss Haddon's own sentiments, Mrs Chichester.'

This was too bad. I suppose he meant it as a punishment for my little exhibition of weakness. But I decided that the punishment was too great for the offence, so quietly took up the gauntlet and bided my time.

Mrs Chichester diverged to other topics. Dear Lilian, so sweet and good and trusting; so entirely unsuspicious of people, and so forth; to which we could easily assent. But I was not sufficiently enthusiastic upon the subject to please Mrs Chichester, it seemed; and she took great pains to assure me that she did not in the least degree exaggerate dear Lilian's perfections. But though he gravely assured me that she did not, and even went so far as to hope that in time I should become as fully alive to Miss Farrar's good qualities, I was not to be piqued into giving warmer expression to my feelings. I only gave him a smile for reply. Then I did what I believe was more satisfactory than words to Mrs Chichester; rose and walked away, altogether unheeding Robert Wentworth's almost pleading protest.

'The moon is just rising, Miss Haddon; and the view will be at its best presently.'

But I chose to punish him for his bit of treachery; and walked off, reminding them that it still wanted half an hour to tea-time. When the half-hour had expired, they re-entered the drawing-room, where I was sitting in pleasant communion with Mrs Tipper—both looking rather grave, not to say out of humour.

'Do you always avenge yourself in that crushing way, Miss Haddon?' he asked, coming to my side for a moment.

'I always defend myself in the best way I can when it comes to blows, Mr Wentworth,' I gravely replied.

'And this is the young lady who fears being weak and vanquished!'

'Not with such weapons as have been used to-night, Mr Wentworth.'

'Well, do not talk any more about wanting rest and peace after shewing how much you enjoy planting a home-thrust.'

'We were talking of a very different war and a very different peace to this.'

'I suppose we were; and in that case it is for me to cry *peccavi*.'

'Yes.'

'Well, I will think about it. One should never do that on impulse. Meantime, good-night.'

I gave him my hand with a smile. He then bade the others good-night, and took his departure.

Mrs Chichester seemed to have lost her self-control a little. She certainly found it difficult to be quite as sweet and gracious to me as usual that night. I believe, too, that she had tried her influence upon Lilian with respect to me, for the latter was more than usually tender and loving when she came to my room that night for our little *tête-à-tête*. There was just the difference which might be expected in one of her nature after hearing anything against a friend.

'I love you, dear Mary—I love you. You must let me say it to-night.'

'Why to-night, of all nights in the year?' I smilingly rejoined.

'Because it does me real good to say it—because I must.'

'And it does me real good to hear you say it, Dear Lilian, do not you see how precious your love is to me?'

I suppose that there was something in the tone which satisfied her. The shadow passed from her face, and she looked her bright happy self as she began to talk 'Arthur' again. She had long since divined that such talk did not fatigue me.

'I really believe you must have a love-story of your own locked away somewhere, or you would never be able to listen so patiently to me as you do,' she laughingly ejaculated, intuitively lighting upon the true reason for my sympathy, one evening when she had been more effusive on the subject than usual. 'Ah, now I am sure of it!' she added, her quick eyes, I suppose, detecting a consciousness in mine. 'And, O Mary, when shall I be thought worthy to hear it?'

'As though you were not that now! Dear Lilian, I should like you to know—of course you shall know; and yet I think I must ask you to allow me to defer the telling it a little longer.'

'Of course I will. But I really think I can guess—a little. If I am only right, how delightful it will be!'

Had I allowed her to go on—had I listened and explained, instead of shrinking nervously away from the subject, would it have altered the future? I was still shy and reserved about unlocking my treasure, even for Lilian's eyes. I have acknowledged my morbid weakness upon the point, and it did not decrease. But I very soon had something besides myself to think about.

CHAPTER VIII.—'THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.'

Mr Farrar grew suddenly and rapidly worse; and the doctors, hastily summoned, saw that it was necessary to be frank and explicit with Mrs Tipper and me as to his true state. His disease was approaching a fatal point, and his time was very short, they affirmed. Before we had time to prepare

Lilian for the shock, the fiat went forth that the end might be expected in a few hours. Poor Mrs Tipper shut herself up with her grief; and to me was deputed the painful task of making the truth known to his child. She was at first completely overwhelmed. That his state was a critical one she had not had the slightest suspicion. She had got accustomed to his invalid ways; and hearing nothing to the contrary, had taken it for granted that he was surely if slowly progressing towards convalescence; telling herself that at the very worst he would go on in the same way for years.

I think that Mrs Tipper—and even he himself—was deceived in the same way.

I quietly tended Lilian through the first agony of her grief; but did not let it subside into despair, making an appeal (which I felt to be most effectual with one of her nature) to her unselfishness.

Her father needed her love more than he had ever yet needed it, and tears and grief must be kept back so long as it was in her power to comfort and sustain him. She responded at once. Choking back her sobs, and bathing her face to efface as much as possible the outward signs of her misery, she presently whispered that I might trust her now. 'Only you must promise not to leave me—promise to keep near me, Mary?'

'I will, Lilian; if there be no objection made to my doing so.'

At first it seemed as if no objection would be made. When Lilian was ushered, awestruck and silent, into the darkened room, where the spirit was already struggling to free itself from the weakened body, I saw the dying man's eyes turn upon us with a faint gleam of satisfaction; and I was about to follow her to his bedside, the nurse's warning looks telling me that my assistance would soon be required, when the latter beckoned me towards her, where she stood just outside the door.

'Something on his mind, Miss; can't die till it is told,' whispered the woman, as she made a gesture for me to close the door and leave the father and child together alone.

I was not a little startled; but stood hesitating on the threshold of the room a moment, not quite liking to leave Lilian alone, inexperienced as she was, with the dying man, yet still more averse to be present at any family revelations, when, in reply, I suppose, to some whispered question from him, Lilian said: 'Only the nurse and Miss Haddon, dear papa.'

'You have taken to her—and she likes you, I think—she may be able to help you;' slowly and brokenly said Mr Farrar. 'Yes; send the other away. Only Miss Haddon and yourself.'

I hesitated no longer. Telling the nurse to remain in the adjoining room, I re-entered, and carefully closing the door, advanced towards Lilian, on her knees by the bed-side, with her face hidden upon the hand she held. I put my arm round her, and said with quiet distinctness, for I saw that there was no time to be lost in words: 'I love Lilian, Mr Farrar; and if she needs a friend, you may trust me.'

His fast glazing eyes rested upon me for a moment, as he murmured 'Haddon of Haddon;' and then his gaze and his thoughts wandered away again.

'Is there anything you wish to have done, Mr Farrar?' I presently asked, fancying that he was

trying to concentrate his mind upon something, and found an increasing difficulty in so doing.

'Send for—Markham—bring the draft'—

'Of your will?' I asked, rapidly connecting the name, which I knew to be that of his lawyer, with the word 'draft,' and hoping that I thus followed out his meaning.

'Yes—will—sign—Haddon of Haddon.' Even at that moment, I saw he attributed my power of catching his meaning to be a consequence of my being a Haddon of Haddon.

'I will send at once, Mr Farrar.' I went to the door, told the nurse to bring the butler to me without a moment's delay, and waited there until he came.

'Is my poor master?'

'Do not speak, except to answer a question please, Saunders; but listen carefully. Do you know the address of Mr Farrar's solicitor, both of his private residence and the office?'

'Yes, Miss.'

'If you cannot ride, send a groom to the railway station without a moment's delay; and telegraph to Mr Markham, both at his residence and the office, these words: "Mr Farrar is dying; come at once, and bring the draft of the will." Please repeat it.'

He repeated the words; and then with an answering nod to my one word, 'Immediately,' went off to do my bidding.

I turned into the room again, closing the door. I had obeyed Mr Farrar promptly and literally, as at such a crisis it seemed best to do; but I could not see the importance of the proceeding. Lilian was his only child, and would not suffer any pecuniary loss even if there were no will. But one thing struck me, even at that moment: it was singular that a business man like Mr Farrar should have delayed making his will until now. And why did he appear so troubled and restless? Why did he look anywhere but into his child's eyes, raised so tenderly and lovingly to his?

'Dear papa, speak to me—look at me!' she pleaded.

'Eighty thousand, and business worth'—

'O papa, darling; one little word to your child. I'm Lilian, papa.'

'Keys—cabinet—Haddon of Haddon.'

I followed the direction of his eyes; went softly and quickly to the dressing-table, brought from it several bunches of keys, ranged them separately on the counterpane before him, and pointed to each, watching his eyes for the answer.

'This! And now which key?' I held each key up, and slowly passed it over the ring until his eyes told me that I had come upon the right one; then again following the direction of his eyes, I crossed over to a cabinet which stood between the windows opposite his bed, and unlocked it. It opened with doors, upon a nest of drawers; and I pointed to each, going slowly down one side and up the other until I had found the right one. It contained a small packet sealed and addressed, and a bundle of letters. I held up the letters first.

'Burn.'

'I will burn them, Mr Farrar.'

'Burn!'

I saw that it must be done at once; put them into the fender, struck a match, and set light to them, stirring them well about until they were

only tinder. For a suspicion had crossed my mind that it was quite possible there might be something connected with Mr Farrar's past life, the evidence of which it was desirable to keep from his daughter's knowledge. At anyrate, he had a right to have his letters destroyed if he so wished it, and his mind was manifestly relieved by its being done.

'Parcel!'

I brought the little packet to his bed-side. 'Do you wish anything to be done with this, Mr Farrar?'

He looked at it a moment, and then turned his eyes upon his child. 'Forgive—be good to her.'

'To whom, dear papa?' murmured Lilian.

'Sister.'

'Auntie? Dear papa, do not you know that I love her?' she sobbed out.

'Haddon of Haddon—send it.'

'Send this packet to the person to whom it is addressed, Mr Farrar?' I asked, beginning to find a clue to the mystery, as I solemnly added: 'I will.' So far, I had interpreted his meaning; but I presently saw that was not sufficient. The eyes wandering from Lilian to the packet, and from the packet to me, told that there was still something to be done before his mind would be set at rest. I looked at the two or three lines in his own handwriting on the packet, and after a moment's hesitation, said: 'This is addressed to your daughter, Marian; and I think you wish Lilian to promise to be good to her sister, Mr Farrar?' I saw I had hit upon his meaning once more.

'Yes; good to her.'

'Sister!' ejaculated Lilian. 'Have I a sister, dear papa—living?'

He lay unconscious a few moments, murmuring something about 'mountains and peat-smoke and a cottage home,' dwelling apparently upon some familiar scenes of the past. But the thought presently grew as wandering and disjointed as the words, and the light was gradually fading out of the eyes. I now watched him with grave anxiety, all my fears aroused lest there should be some very serious necessity for making a will after all.

It was a momentary relief when the door opened and the doctor entered the room. But my hopes very quickly faded when I saw him stand inactive, looking gravely down at his patient's face, and then, with a pitiful look at Lilian's bowed head, and expressive glance at me, turn quietly away. I followed him out of the room.

'Will he rally again, do you think, Dr Wheeler, sufficiently to be able to sign a will?'

He stopped in the act of putting on his gloves, turning his eyes upon me in some surprise.

'A will! Surely a man of business habits like Mr Farrar has done that long ago. He has been quite sufficiently warned to be aware of his danger, Miss Haddon. But'—after a pause—'it cannot be of very vital importance. There is but one child, and of course she takes all; though I should have given him credit for tying it securely up to her, in the event of her falling into bad hands.'

'The lawyer has his instructions, I believe, Dr Wheeler, and we have telegraphed for him to come at once. Meantime, can anything be done? Is there no stimulant, no?'

'My dear lady, Mr Farrar is dead already, so far as the capability of transacting business is concerned. It is the insensibility preceding death;

and only a question of an hour or so—it may be only of minutes.'

Sick at heart, I silently bowed, and turned back into the room again, waiting in solemn stillness until Lilian should need me. The nurse moved softly in and out the room, and I knew why she drew up the blinds to let the last rays of sunlight stream in. The glorious sunset faded into twilight, twilight deepened into night, and then, with a long quivering sigh, the spirit stole forth to that other life.

The moment all was over there were innumerable demands upon my energies. Taking my dear Lilian to her aunt's room, I left them together, after giving a private hint to each that it was necessary to stifle her grief as much as possible for the sake of the other. Then I went downstairs again, to give the awestruck and confused servants the necessary orders, which in their first grief neither Lilian nor her aunt was capable of giving. They had deputed me to see that all was rightly done.

The demands upon me increased so rapidly, that I felt quite relieved when a servant came to tell me that the lawyer had arrived. I went at once to the library, too much absorbed in the one thought to remember that I was meeting a stranger.

'Too late, I am sorry to find, madam!' said a short, stout, brisk-looking, little man, making me a low bow as I entered. He evidently found it somewhat difficult to get the right expression into his jovial face, as he went on to explain that he had been dining out when the telegram, sent on by his wife, reached him. 'I lost not a moment; and have managed to get from Russell Square in an hour and a half.' Then, after a keen glance at me, which took in my left hand, he added: 'A relative of my late client's, I presume?'

'No; my name is Haddon. I have been living here as companion to his daughter, Mr Markham, and have always been treated as a friend of the family.' I said the last words in the hope of inducing him to trust me sufficiently to say anything he might have to say, forgetting that I was talking to a lawyer.

'Very fortunate for Miss Farrar; friends are needed at such times as this;' eyeing me sharply as he went on to add a few conventional words respecting his client's death, and the shock its suddenness must have given his friends; and so affording me an opportunity for the indulgence of a little sentiment.

But I neither felt any, nor desired him to think that I did, upon the score of my attachment to Mr Farrar; so quietly replied: 'Death is always solemn, Mr Markham; but I know too little of Mr Farrar to mourn him as a friend. His daughter, I love.'

He nodded pleasantly; satisfied, I think, so far; then, after a moment or two, tried another leading question.

'You were probably present with her at the last?'

'Yes.'

'Conscious?'

'Yes; until the last hour.'

'And you are aware I was summoned, I presume?'

'I sent for you, Mr Markham.' He waited; and seeing he was still cautious, I went on: 'It was

Mr Farrar's wish you should be sent for. He appeared extremely anxious to sign the will; but it was too late.'

'Ah, yes; too late! Very sad, very sad,' watching me furtively, as he carefully measured the length and breadth of one of his gloves. 'And no last instructions, I suppose; no little confidences or revelations, or anything of that kind?'

I quite understood him; and after a few moments' reflection, replied: 'Yes; there was a revelation, Mr Markham; a very startling one; and as you have prepared the will, you doubtlessly know to what I allude?'

I waited a few moments for a reply; but waited in vain. He seemed lost in contemplation of his gloves again. This jovial-looking little man was not quite so effusive as he looked. I tried once more.

'It is unfortunate the will was not signed, since Mr Farrar so much desired it.'

'Certainly; much to be regretted—very much.'

I saw that the approach was to be made from my side; and as it had to be done sooner or later, I said: 'But I do not see that its not being signed can make any difference to Miss Farrar—from a pecuniary point of view.'

'No; none whatever: Miss Farrar will not be a loser.'

'Will her sister?'

'Ah! now we shall understand each other—now you have come to the point, my dear lady,' he replied, with brisk cheerfulness, placing a chair for me, and seating himself before me with a confidential air; a hand upon each of his knees. 'You see it was necessary to bring you to that; though you have fenced very well—very neatly indeed—for a lady. I could not desire a better witness in a case, I assure you—on my own side.'

I was not quite so charmed with the compliment as he intended me to be; not taking very kindly to the idea of being 'brought to it,' as he termed it. So I replied with an air which I flattered myself was as careless as his own: 'I thought it as well to tell you that much, Mr Markham.'

'Quite as well, my dear young lady; saving of time, you know. I may now tell you that the person to whom you allude will be a considerable loser by the will I have brought down with me not being signed.'

'Is there no previous will, Mr Markham?'

'There have been several others. But Mr Farrar was a very careful man, and always destroyed an old will when he made a fresh one. He could never quite satisfy himself as to the exact provision to be made for the—person you have named, and was continually altering his mind, making the sum now greater now smaller.'

'Fortunately, Miss Farrar may be trusted to do all that is right.'

'No doubt a very sweet and good young lady; brought up with relations on the mother's side, I understand. I have had the pleasure of meeting her two or three times, and was much struck by her amiability.'

'It is something stronger and better than amiability, Mr Markham,' I returned. Someway that word always offended me with reference to Lillian.

'I am glad to hear it; though amiability has its attractions—for me.' After a few moments' contemplative glance at me, he added: 'It will be some comfort to her, by and by, perhaps to know that

the—other is at least three or four years older than herself, and that the mother died whilst her child was young.'

I understood what he meant; 'the other,' as he termed her—he did not once allude to her by name—had been born before Mr Farrar's marriage to Lillian's mother.

'Thank you for telling me that, Mr Markham; it will be a comfort to Lillian.'

He nodded and smiled, as though to say I deserved that little encouragement for acquitting myself so well; than became grave and business-like again, as befitted the occasion. Rising from his seat and taking the little black bag which he had brought with him, from the table, he said: 'You will require no aid from me until after the funeral, when Miss Farrar will have to go through a little legal formality. There will be no complications; everything will be Miss Farrar's, absolutely. A trifle too absolutely, I should be inclined to say, if she were an ordinary young lady, or likely to fall into bad hands—a money-hunting husband's, for instance.'

'You know, of course, that Miss Farrar is engaged to be married to Mr Trafford, Mr Markham?'

'One of the Warwickshire Traffords?' he said with a smile, which was instantly suppressed. 'Yes; I have heard something of the kind, certainly.'

He certainly had; since, as I afterwards ascertained, the will had been so made as to very securely protect Lillian's property in the event of such marriage. Then, in reply to a question of mine, he advised me to send to one of the best undertakers (giving me the names and addresses of two or three, but cautiously abstaining from recommending one more than another), and make him responsible for everything being conducted in a fit and proper manner. 'That is, I think, the wisest course to pursue; though you are free to carry out Miss Farrar's wishes in any way.'

'Thank you.'

'Do not name it. I hope to have the pleasure of meeting you again upon a less solemn occasion, Miss Haddon.' Then, looking at his watch, he found that he would have just time to catch the ten o'clock up-train; and declining my offer of refreshments, he bade me good-night, and hurried out to the fly which he had kept waiting for him.

OUR HINDU FELLOW-SUBJECTS AND OURSELVES.

It is a remarkable fact, that although upwards of a century has elapsed since the foundation of our rule in India was first laid, the people of that country and ourselves are as far apart from each other, in all those feelings and sympathies which are calculated to unite different peoples together, as it is possible for us to be. Our religious views and social habits are so diametrically opposed, that the strongest prejudices are in active operation to keep us in a state of chronic alienation. The difficulty in the matter rests in a great measure with the Hindu. Hinduism will not admit us within the pale of free intercourse with its votaries, and its restrictions prevent them from mingling freely with others of another faith. For a Hindu to live

under the same roof or to take a meal at the same table with us, would entail upon him expulsion from caste, and religious and social disabilities of the most serious character. In short, the only connection in which we can have any intimacy is that of business in the way of trade, or of duty as officially connected with the state.

It will easily be seen that under such circumstances, personal friendship of a disinterested nature can hardly exist between the Hindus and ourselves. It would be well indeed if we were drawn towards each other by feelings of partiality; but even this degree of attachment cannot be said to exist, except in very rare instances. In a word, open indifference, if not latent antipathy, is the feeling by which our intercourse with each other is characterised.

This state of matters is much to be regretted, more especially if our connection is to be perpetuated; and the good men and true of both races, of whom there are not a few, would rejoice to see the causes which give rise to these untoward feelings removed, the barriers which separate us broken down, and a kindlier feeling established between us; but the more the subject is thought over, the greater the difficulties seem in the way of this desirable end; and the conclusion forces itself upon us, that we must await the course of events, and see what time will unfold.

Meanwhile, it may be useful and interesting to consider somewhat particularly the manner in which our differences have operated to keep us for so many years in a state of social estrangement from each other.

It may be imagined that the relative positions which we hold to each other of rulers and subjects, is of itself sufficient to account for the prejudice against us of the Hindu people; but this view is not borne out by facts. The Hindus have for centuries been a subjugated people, a trodden-down race. The feeling of patriotism which was exhibited in the early period of their history has long since died out, and it seems of little consequence to them who rules, provided they are left undisturbed in the free exercise of their religious practices and social habits. The Mohammedan conquerors who preceded us, stood in the same relative position to them as we do, and it is well known that they were not disliked by the Hindu people, certainly not in the same degree that we are. Let us inquire into the reasons of the difference as regards the Mohammedans and ourselves, for in so doing we may discover what it is in which we have rendered ourselves distasteful.

First, the Mohammedans as orientalists, had no difficulty in accommodating themselves to a certain extent to the outward customs and habits of the Hindu people. The oriental garb, the custom of taking off the shoes on entering a dwelling, the daily ablution at the village well or stream, were habits in common; of no great moment in themselves certainly; still they had a tendency to soften down prejudices and draw the victors and vanquished towards each other. Moreover, after the first burst of conquest was over, and the conquerors began to settle down among the Hindus, the readiness with which a few Mohammedans,

thrown entirely among them in the country towns and villages, would humour their religious prejudices, by carefully avoiding contact with impure out-castes, and by abstaining from the use of such articles of food as were repugnant to them, had a conciliatory tendency, which none but those who are conversant with Hindu feeling can fully appreciate.

Again, the avowedly religious character of the Mohammedans had a favourable effect upon the minds of the Hindus, whose every action is supposed to be regulated by their sacred Shastras. In every village a Mohammedan place of worship, a *durga*, was erected—rude and insignificant in many places, it is true; but in towns and cities, far surpassing in splendour the magnificent temples of the Hindus; and to witness the devout Mohammedans, under the guidance of their priests, or *Mulanās*, worshipping in their *durgas*, was calculated to affect the minds of any religiously disposed people; how much more that of the superstitious Hindu.

Most if not all the conciliatory traits manifested by the Mohammedans have been wanting in us. Many, as a Christian people, we could not indeed affect. But besides the difference in dress, and apparent discourtesy in uncovering our heads and retaining our shoes on entering a dwelling, and our contempt of external purity, as shewn in not avoiding contact with out-castes, there have been causes much more potent which operated to repel the people, Mohammedans as well as Hindus, from us.

There is no doubt that during the early period of our Indian career our style of living and social habits had a great effect in giving the Hindus the most unfavourable impressions regarding us. The cow is one of their principal objects of worship, and therefore to kill it and partake of its flesh is to the Hindu an offence against all laws human and divine, so grievous as to stamp the offender as an utterly vile and loathsome monster. To partake of intoxicating beverages was unknown among the better classes of Hindus; it was indeed a habit indulged in, but seldom to excess, and by the impure out-caste only; and yet they saw with horror that we felt no compunction in rendering ourselves, according to their ideas of this matter, as degraded as the out-caste himself.

Again, our women eating at the same table with their husbands was looked upon by them as a gross violation of female modesty; but when they saw that they moved unrestrainedly in society, and not only freely conversed with the other sex, but actually danced with them in public; the moral feelings of Hindus and Mohammedans alike were so outraged, that they looked upon us as thoroughly demoralised. We were known in the western presidency by the term *jangla*, wild men, from *jangal*, a forest; and it was suspected, if not believed by the common people, that we had tails. The *jangla* was the bogey of the village children; and many a pious Brahman would turn away his face on meeting a European in the streets, rather than pollute his vision by looking at him.

The reader will from all this see at a glance how hateful we must have seemed to the people of India in the days referred to; still these unfriendly feelings might in time have softened down, and our social habits been viewed with some forbearance; for there is no doubt that as we

assumed the reins of power in one province after another, it dawned upon the natives, that these, to them degrading customs, were not inconsistent with high intellectual power, deep mental culture, and feelings of active philanthropy. Our administrative abilities, as shewn in our judicial and revenue systems, and the numerous measures adopted for the security of life and property and the general improvement of the country, were not lost sight of by the intelligent portion of the people; and as the different phases of our anomalous character passed under review before them, amazement if not admiration, and awe if not reverence, in turn filled their minds regarding us. Our officials were not unfrequently spoken of as incarnations of the benign Vishnu; and but for an overbearing disposition towards them, which began to develop itself in us at this stage, and which has continued with more or less intensity ever since, the natives might in time have ceased to look upon us, as they were wont, as one of the evil manifestations of the Kali Yuga, or age of vice. This overbearing spirit, arising no doubt from an overweening idea we have entertained of our great superiority as a people compared to them, may be attributed to two causes. First, although India was not conquered by us in a day, still, considering that with scarcely an exception we triumphed in every contest with comparatively insignificant forces, and that our ascendancy was established without any great difficulty, we were led from the first to look upon the people as a totally effete cowardly race, utterly destitute of every quality indicative of manly prowess. Again, our subsequent experience has shewn us that a want of truthfulness in the commonest concerns of everyday life is the besetting vice of the Hindu people. It would seem indeed, that so far from honesty being the best policy with them, lying and chicanery are considered the surest means to success in all dealings between man and man. In short, we have found them wanting in the two very traits, which of all others we hold in the highest esteem; and we have made no secret of our feelings on the matter. Moreover, there is no denying the fact that the colour of the natives has had the effect of influencing us to some extent in our unseemly bearing towards them. We are apt to look upon the dark skin, unconsciously perhaps, as a mark of inferiority; and the idea of admitting the owner of it to intercourse on terms of equality is more than our self-complacency will permit.

It must be remarked that the natives submitted tamely for years to our overbearing demeanour; and that it is only since they have made some progress in education, and have been admitted to posts of trust and responsibility under government, that they have manifested any impatience at it; and that particularly in the presidency towns and other places where the European community is large. In the rural districts even at the present time, the natives are slow to resent any rudeness on the part of European travellers who may visit their villages. It will be easily seen from this that the mutual dislike which exists between the natives and ourselves is much more apparent in the higher grades of society, and particularly among government officials, than among the lower uneducated classes. A European of position will but too frequently treat a native of no social standing with indifference if not with

unkindness; but the moment a native who assumes to be on a par with him approaches, a feeling of resentment and suspicion as to his motives instinctively creeps over him; and although the native may behave most circumspectly during the interview, no sooner has he taken his departure than some remark is likely to be made relative to the growing arrogance of the 'niggers.' On the other hand, some equally uncalled-for and discourteous expression will be made by the native as to the self-importance displayed by the foreigner. There is, in short, however pleasing outward appearances may often seem, an undercurrent of mutual aversion, which it will take years to soften down, if indeed such a desirable event be possible.

A native gentleman of considerable education told the writer some time ago that there was a great difference in the conduct of Europeans towards his countrymen to the eastward of Suez, as compared with the way they treated them to the west of that place. Here in England, he said, we are treated with kindness and courtesy; but on the other side of Suez, with some exceptions, we are looked upon as fair game for rudeness if not insult. This statement was verified by what appeared in a Bombay paper about two years since, to the effect that a military officer insisted upon a native gentleman, a member of the uncovenanted civil service, being removed from a first-class railway carriage, simply because he wanted it to himself and a party of ladies who were travelling with him. Need it be added that such an incident could scarcely occur in England.

It has already been noticed, that if left to the undisturbed exercise of their religious rites and social customs, the Hindus care little who governs them. With reference to this matter it may here be said, that in so far as overt acts are concerned, they have no more reason to complain of us than they had of their old rulers the Mohammedans; but we have set an agency at work which will prove infinitely more potent in undermining both their religious and social habits than even the most violent persecution. The education imparted in the government schools and colleges, as well as in the seminaries of the missionaries, is certain in time to sweep away every vestige of Hinduism; and this eventuality, already foreseen by the priests and others interested in the maintenance of popular superstition, is an eyesore which influences them in no small degree in prejudicing the people in the rural districts against us. They tell them that by a system of underhand duplicity we managed at first to sow the seeds of discord amongst them and possess ourselves of their country; and that now, under pretence of enlightening them, we are endeavouring to reduce them all to the same dead level of impure out-castes, similar to what we are ourselves.

The influence of the priests, however, has not had the effect of keeping students from the government and missionary schools; but although the education received there weans them from a belief in Hinduism, still it neither induces them, for the present at least, to give up the social caste system, nor makes them more tolerant of ourselves. The rabid abuse heaped upon us at every opportunity by the vernacular press, which is conducted by these men, shews that it is not mere passive dislike but active hostility by which they are actuated

towards us. It is not, however, the press alone; the theatrical representations conducted under their patronage are also made use of as vehicles whereby our government, our social habits, and even our religion are occasionally caricatured, and in turns denounced in terms of unmistakable hate.

The fact must not be lost sight of, that the knowledge we are imparting to the natives has not only the effect of enlightening them on religious and social questions, but also leads them into a region of thought which they have not indulged in for centuries. Need it be said that the perusal of those histories we lay open to them, which narrate the successful struggles made by nations of ancient and modern times to throw off the yoke of foreigners, in whatever form it may have existed, has the effect of creating aspirations in the minds of many for a revival of that national life which has so long lain dormant? The far-seeing and reflecting few who indulge in these patriotic breathings know full well that they cannot be realised for generations, if ever; and that it is therefore folly to rave against things as they are, and thus render themselves obnoxious to us; nevertheless, the idea of making common cause with us is foreign to their minds; and the tendency of their influence amongst their less thoughtful countrymen is to direct their minds to an eventuality, which sooner or later will free their country from the presence of the foreigner.

To conclude: it is not by any means gratifying to be forced to acknowledge that all hopes of immediate fraternisation between the natives of India and ourselves are futile; that the antagonism of race and colour, and the dissimilarity in our respective religions and social habits, are such insuperable obstacles to so desirable an event, that we shall for years be found moving in two separate grooves, destitute of any of those mutual feelings and sympathies which tend to unite different peoples, and contribute to the general happiness and well-being of all.

AFTER-DINNER ANECDOTES.

It would be an interesting occupation for an otherwise idle man to trace the origin of some of our best after-dinner anecdotes. How often it happens that we hear a story told which in its main features we recognise as an old acquaintance, but with so much alteration in its details that we can hardly believe it to be the same.

'Ah!' we say, with a knowing look, 'I have heard that story before; but I always thought it referred to Lord So-and-so, or the Duke of —;' as the case may be.

'O no,' replies the story-teller, rather injured that we should doubt his veracity. 'I assure you I heard it from Mr So-and-so, who knew all about it. Indeed he is first cousin to the nephew of Lord —; and so I can't be wrong.'

'Indeed,' we reply; and the subject drops. But all the same we hold to our previous opinion, and always tell the story our own way.

And after all, it is not so much a want of truthfulness which is at the bottom of these variations of the same tale, as weakness of memory, or absence of the power of clearly arranging in our minds the different localities and personages which belong to the anecdotes told. There is that story

of the parrot, for instance, who at a very dull dinner-party where conversation lagged terribly, was heard to observe in a solemn voice, during one of the 'awful pauses' which occurred so frequently, 'Sorry I spoke!' Only a few days after that anecdote was related to us, we heard that 'there was once a parrot who was present at family prayers, and didn't conduct himself with that reverence which appertains to such times, but would make remarks more or less intelligible, to the world at large. At last the master of the house lost all patience, and signed to one of the tittering domestics to remove Polly from the scene. As he was being carried out of the door the bird was heard to remark in a gruff voice, "Sorry I spoke!" to the utter discomfiture of all present.' Of course we laughed heartily, and apparently enjoyed the joke; but all the same we felt there was something wrong somewhere, and that one of these stories must owe something to the invention of the narrator.

In fact, try as hard as we may, it is almost impossible to retail a piece of information exactly as we received it. Our younger readers (and it would not perhaps be *infra dig.* for some elder ones) may test this for themselves by playing at the Russian game of Truth. One of the party composes a short story, which is written for future reference. He then communicates it in a whisper to another, who similarly imparts it confidentially to a third, and so on. The last member of the party then states what was confided to him as 'the truth;' and then the last but one; till it has reached the composer of the tale, who then reads aloud what was actually the original of all these various statements. And no comment on the mischief and untruthfulness of gossip could be more pungent than the utter discrepancy which always exists between the different accounts. Sometimes the story is so altered in transmission from one to the other, and that most unintentionally, that we can scarcely recognise the original in the case of the two or three who last heard and repeated it.

How often has that tale been told of an Irishman, which originally came from America. As we first heard it, it stood thus: 'An American lawyer defending a client who was accused of cracking a kettle which he had borrowed, stated that in his defence there would be three distinct points: First, that the kettle was cracked when we borrowed it; second, that it was whole when we returned it; and third, that we never had it at all.' Surely Paddy has 'bulls' enough of his own to answer for without having any Yankee importations to add to the list. Who but an Irishman, when he was told of a man who had had the small-pox *twice*, and died of it, would have anxiously inquired: 'Did he die the first time or the second?' And yet we have heard that story claimed for an Englishman and an American; and we have no means of correcting our informants.

We would strongly recommend to all 'diners-out' who attempt to enliven the company by anecdotes, to be very cautious as to the place where and the time when they tell their stories. Otherwise they may sometimes find themselves placed in very awkward predicaments. How uncomfortable, for example, the lady would have felt who sat next Buckland the geologist at a dinner-party if she had been enlarging on the appearance of a poor stone-breaker by the road-side

to whom she had given a shilling, when he—the poor stone-breaker in his dinner dress—so naively produced, with a quiet smile, the very coin she had given him! By the way, the same story is told of Professor Sedgwick.

Then there is the warning example of the lady who had lately married an Oxford undergraduate. Before he took his wife to see his university town, where circumstances obliged him to live a little longer, he told her with great difficulty, and after much hesitation, that he had been—er—er—what they called “plucked.”* The hesitation which he displayed was attributed to modesty; and to his astonishment, his wife, in her ignorance of the meaning of the term, joyfully exclaimed: ‘Yes; to be sure you were, you clever dear!’ He was so completely taken aback by this unexpected reply, that he couldn’t put her right by an explanation, which would have been painful to both parties. He therefore left matters as they were. They went to Oxford, and were asked to breakfast with a large party at the rooms of his college tutor. What was his horror when, in the middle of the repast, he heard his wife (and his tutor, who was sitting opposite, evidently heard her too) say to her next neighbour: ‘My husband gained such honours when he was up here, you know. He was what you call “plucked,” you know!’ We draw a veil of oblivion over the poor young man’s feelings, and hope the lesson will not be lost upon our readers of both sexes.

There is an unconscious plagiarism about some people which leads them to appropriate to themselves anecdotes which they have heard of the doings or sayings of other and greater people. This is especially the case with the witty and wise sayings of such men as Sydney Smith and Sheridan. How many have claimed to be the author of Sheridan’s answer to the lady who accused him of having gone out when he had told her it rained heavily—‘It cleared up enough for one, but not enough for two!’ We often wonder whether people who do this kind of thing have invented for themselves a special code of morality, such as that which prevails with regard to other people’s umbrellas. Then, again, it must be very unpleasant to hear your own *bon-mots* attributed to others, or to have some inferior saying of the speaker fathered upon you. Shade of the immortal Shakespeare! how often has that honoured name been used to gain a hearing for some vapid but high-sounding moral axiom; while Solomon’s Proverbs have been filched and reproduced, more or less ‘watered,’ by writers of all ages. Who hasn’t been told of Sir Walter Scott the story which belongs of right to Sir William Scott (brother to Lord Eldon). When a celebrated physician said to him: ‘You know, after forty, a man is always either a fool or a physician;’ Sir William replied: ‘Perhaps he may be both, doctor.’ It has been well said that, ‘in conversation a wise man may be at a loss how to begin; but a fool never knows how to stop.’ Perhaps some of our readers are thinking this may apply to an article in a magazine as well. And indeed one story suggests another, till we might fill pages with anecdotes we have heard or read.

But before we stop we may perhaps be allowed to quote a most excellent rule for the guidance

of all who tell stories which involve other people. It is this: Before you begin, ask yourself—Is it true? Is it necessary? Is it kind? Perhaps you have the gift (and it is a most valuable one) of being able to tell a good story well; if so, remember what the mother of Philip, Duke of Orleans, said of her son: ‘Though good fairies have gifted my son at his birth with numerous qualities, one envious member of the sisterhood has spitefully decreed that he shall never know how to use any of these gifts.’ There is an old proverb (not Solomon’s) which says, ‘Never play with edge-tools.’

WATCHMAKING BY MACHINERY.

GENEVA, as is pretty well known, has long been a busy centre of the Swiss watchmaking trade, the work executed being minute, elegant, and trustworthy. The trade in watchmaking, however, is also a staple in the cantons of Neuchatel and Berne. Tourists in Switzerland have often occasion to pass through secluded valleys, the inhabitants of which, a peaceful and industrious race, are almost all devoted to watchmaking. It is a craft pursued in cottages, as a kind of domestic manufacture; and proficiency in fabricating the delicate mechanism has come down from father to son for several generations. We are reminded of the old-fashioned hand-loom system of weaving, which used to prevail in English and Scotch villages in times passed away. Just as that old system of weaving vanished in the introduction of the power-loom moved by machinery, so is watchmaking by hand about to pass away in Switzerland, and some other quarters. Watchmaking by machinery on a large and comprehensive scale has been brought to a wonderful degree of perfection in various parts of the United States. Immense quantities of American watches of a useful kind will soon, as is anticipated, greatly damage the system of making by hand.

It would be idle to waste time in complaining of change of fashion in any kind of manufacture. Skill, capital, and machinery are sure to carry the day. In the progress of affairs the old must give place to the new. In such cases the best plan is not to maintain a useless struggle, but at once to go over to the enemy—try to rival him on his own ground. Still one does not like to see an old and respectable trade ruined. It is stated that at least forty thousand men and women have hitherto been engaged within a limited district in Switzerland upon the watch-trade, all of whom must now alter their course of operations, quitting their rural resorts, and emigrating, or possibly becoming workers in factories. We are sorry for the crisis, but in economics such is the rule of the game.

A Swiss correspondent in the *Times* (January 5) presents some interesting particulars concerning the watch-trade, as it has till now been carried on. The division of labour has been immense in completing a single watch. He says: ‘A repeating watch goes through the hands of no less than a hundred and thirty different workmen before being delivered to commerce. With such a division of labour, long apprenticeship was rendered almost

* Failed in his examination.

superfluous; so that any man, without being acquainted at all with the watch industry before, might be able to learn a branch of it in the course of a few weeks. This last circumstance, together with the relatively high wages offered, induced during the time of prosperity of the trade a good many agricultural labourers to leave their former occupation and dedicate themselves to the watch industry. A superabundance of hands soon ensued, accompanied by a falling of wages, and besides, the quality of the products manufactured became yearly worse and worse. Only some few tradesmen continued to manufacture watches of higher qualities, while the majority of them supplied the markets with the lowest kind of products. Here we have an explanation of at least one cause of the decline of the Swiss watch-trade. An over-confidence in monopoly led to deterioration of the article. The result was that Swiss watches fell into discredit in the United States. The imports fell from a hundred and sixty-nine thousand watches in 1864 to seventy-five thousand watches in 1876. There was ultimately a diminution in value to the extent of four hundred and twenty-three thousand pounds in four years. The diminution did not alone arise from fair competition. All European watches introduced to the United States are charged with a duty of 25 per cent. Few manufacturers can stand so heavy a tax. At the same time the poor Swiss had another rival to contend with. The manufacture of watches in the Swiss style had been introduced into Besançon in France, whereby there was a still further limitation of exports from Switzerland.

The question naturally arises, 'What is the difference in the number of watches made by a workman by hand-labour and by a man superintending machinery in the same space of time?' One authority specifies forty watches a year for a workman by hand-labour, and one hundred and fifty watches a year by employing machinery. Mr John Fernie, a civil-engineer, writing to the *Times* (January 11), gives from personal knowledge a considerably higher estimate of the comparative power of machinery. His observations are well worth quoting. 'Having,' he says, 'visited the American Watch Manufactory at Waltham, Massachusetts, last June, on my way to the Exhibition at Philadelphia, I may be permitted to say a few words supplementary to the article in your paper of Friday, on the watch-trade of Switzerland. During my visit the works at Waltham were turning out three hundred and sixty-six watches per day, and were employing somewhere about one thousand hands; and instead of their turning out one hundred and fifty watches per hand per annum, they were turning out at the ratio of one hundred and ninety watches per person employed per annum. Even at the ratio quoted by your correspondent, four hundred and twenty-five watches per day by one thousand three hundred and sixty hands would give one hundred and sixty-two watches per man per annum against the Swiss forty watches per man per annum. Of the thousand hands employed at Waltham, I found at least three-fourths of them were women, and it appeared to be a kind of work peculiarly fitted for them. The whole of the working parts of the watches, the wheels, pinions, axles, screws, and jewels were made by women, by means of the most perfect automatic machinery I have ever seen.'

Some of the watchmaking machines were exhibited at Philadelphia. 'But fine as those few machines were, they gave one no idea of the spacious works, the airy, comfortable workrooms, and the perfect sets of machinery, executing in the most exquisite way the numberless details involved in the manufacture of a watch, every one of their pieces duplicates of one another, save and except the holes in the jewels. These as yet it had been found impossible to drill out to such a nicety; but by a series of delicate gauges they are paired and numbered, and each watch is registered, so that in case of an accident, that particular size may be rent out. When it is considered that many of the pieces can only be examined by a microscope, and that each piece is a duplicate of the thousands made except the jewels, the superiority over the hand-made watches is as apparent as that of the modern Enfield rifles over the old brown-bess. The basis of the duplicate system at Waltham lies in a complete series of gauges, ranging from a considerable size to the very smallest dimensions. Having been an early worker myself in the manufacture of duplicate machines and engines on the basis of Sir Joseph Whitworth's scale of the inch divided into thousandths, I was desirous to see how they obtained their scale; and Mr Webster, the able engineer of the Company, informed me he found the thousandth of an inch too coarse a dimension, and the ten-thousandth of an inch too fine; and he was led to divide the millimetre into a hundred parts, and found it a proper proportion for his work; and it is from a series of gauges founded on this system that the whole of the watches are built up and the constant accuracy of all their dimensions maintained. The men employed in the manufactory are principally engaged in keeping the machines in such order as to maintain their proper sizes, and in fitting the watches together and testing them for time-keeping, and in the heavy work of making the cases. As yet the Waltham Watch Company have not gone largely into the manufacture of the very highest class of watches, the great demand being for good time-keepers at a reasonable price; but there is no doubt that while they have developed a system which is driving the Swiss manufacturers out of the market, they have established a system which is equally good for the better class of watches; and unless some English Company undertake the work in a similar way, they will ultimately drive us out of the market too. I need hardly say I have no interest in the Waltham Company except the interest of a mechanical man in the most interesting manufactory I ever visited.'

It is, we think, perfectly clear, from the above and other descriptions, that hand-made watches, unless perhaps of a superior class, requiring exquisite polish and finish by hand, must speedily be driven out of the market by watches made on an unerring automatic principle, and on a wholesale plan by machinery. The only thing the Swiss can do is to adopt the same species of machinery into their manufacture. Great capital and enterprise, however, will be needed to compete with the gigantic concerns springing up in America. In California, by the assistance of Chinese, watchmaking is making great strides. Already, hundreds of thousands of watches are produced annually in the United States; and by establishing trade factories

in Russia and other countries, the Americans to all appearance will soon have the command of the traffic in watches all over the world. We have not heard of any movement in England likely to counteract this stupendous system of making and dealing in watches. The English apparently rely on the deservedly high character of their finer class of watches, ranging in price from twenty to thirty guineas and upwards. And it may be a long time before the Americans are able to rival them in this department of the trade.

AN OLD SHOWMAN'S RECOLLECTIONS.

SOME fifty years ago I was entered, by permission of my father, a merchant tailor, as a pupil in the Duke of Cumberland's School. Among other branches taught, much attention was given to gymnastics, in which I soon surpassed all my schoolmates, and soon became such a proficient, that our training-master in that branch was dispensed with, and I, though but a boy, took his place. After completing our education, I, along with a select few of my old schoolmates, used to meet at the back of Primrose Hill on the Saturday evenings of summer for the purpose of practising posturing and trying to imitate the gymnastic feats we had seen performed at the fairs in London and the neighbourhood. On these occasions we used frequently to be patronised by 'The Champion Sword-swallower and Fire-king,' who was the proprietor of a penny show in Broad Street, Bloomsbury. The house was swept away when Bloomsbury Street was formed. One day he produced a dagger with a blade of six or seven inches in length, and passed the blade down his throat; and after removing it, challenged us to perform the feat. From my earliest boyhood I have always been somewhat of a dare-devil. I took the dagger, and soon found no difficulty in repeating what he had done.

That evening, on returning home, while my father was at supper, I went into the workroom and began experimenting with the yard-stick. I found that, in jugglers' phrase, I could swallow twenty-one inches of it. I thereupon determined to become the monarch of sword-swallowers; but domestic circumstances put an end for a time to my ambition. Instead of displaying my talents on the boards of a booth, I was compelled by necessity to tread the boards of a merchant-ship in the character of a sailor-boy. My early training at school was of great service to me, for my nimbleness and activity soon raised me high in the captain's favour.

My first appearance in public as a showman was at an entertainment in presence of the officers of the garrison at Tobago. I made a decided hit, and received many presents from them. On returning to England, our ship was wrecked off Margate, and with difficulty I managed to reach the shore, on which I stood the possessor only of a pair of canvas trousers with empty pockets, a belt, and a Guernsey shirt. Some kindly hearted persons

presented me with an old straw-hat, a pretty decent pair of boots, and a good dinner. On the strength of the dinner I set out for Brighton, where I expected to find employment with a relative. Luckily the weather was dry and warm. My meals consisted of pilfered turnips, and I found comfortable lodging in the fields. I reached Brighton only to find that my relative was dead. His successor in business, who was a stranger to me, presented me with sixpence, and I then set my face towards London.

One evening I reached *The Thorns*, a small roadside inn at Hawley, in a very exhausted state, for I had passed no turnip-fields since morning. I made up my mind to spend my remaining twopence on a pint of beer, and then to push on for a mile or two and look out for a comfortable hedge-side. I entered the public room of *The Thorns*. It was well filled with jovial farmers, as I afterwards ascertained them to be. I ordered my beer; and when it was brought in, one of the farmers insisted on paying, and ordered the servant to set a plate of bread and cheese before me. After my supper was devoured rather than eaten, another pint of beer was ordered for me, and I was asked by my kind entertainers to oblige them if I could with a song. I readily consented. I sang several songs, performed a few simple sleight-of-hand tricks, and finished up by swallowing half the length of the landlord's walking-cane. I then took my leave; but before I reached the door I was called back and asked where I intended putting up for the night, which was by this time far spent. I stammered out what answer I could; which not satisfying my worthy entertainers, they decided that at their expense I should remain where I was; should be supplied with breakfast, dinner, and tea, and that my beer should not be stinted. On the following evening they again returned, bringing with them a numerous company of their friends, and I went a second time through my performances. They wished me a hearty adieu and gave me a handful of silver.

On arriving in London I looked about for a professional engagement, and was not long in procuring one at a notorious penny theatre, known as Hayden's Gaff, in Newton Street, off Holborn, a short street now filled with handsome warehouses, but in those days a haunt of the vile and worthless of both sexes. My salary was paid nightly, and varied with the number of the audience and the sober or inebriated state of the lessee, manager, and money-taker, all which parts were played by Tom Hayden. From this gaff I emigrated to the Rotunda, now no more, in Blackfriars Road. After appearing at several of the music-halls (O how different from the flash and the flare of those of the present day), I got an appearance for a season at Vauxhall Gardens, which still retained some memories of their aristocratic youthhood.

During all this time I was eking out my means of living by doing odd jobs, for I was Jack-of-all trades. At last I recklessly plunged

into a showman's life by signing a year's engagement with a Mr Spicer, proprietor and manager of a caravan and a travelling theatre, or in other words a booth; and in his booth I played for the first time before the merry-making lads and lasses at Bartholomew Fair. At this fair I met the sword-swallower of those days, who was then astonishing the audiences at 'Richardson's.' His sword was twenty-eight inches long. The longest sword I have ever performed with is twenty-seven and five-eighths inches. Keene used also to 'swallow' dinner knives and forks, but this was a mere sleight-of-hand trick.

About this time I met with the renowned Ramo Same, the Indian juggler and magician. He was performing at the Coburg (now the Victoria Theatre) in the Borough. He too was a sword-swallower, and very cleverly did he combine deception with reality. He used to come on the stage carrying three naked swords, with which he went through a clever performance. At the termination of this he stuck the swords upright in the stage, to shew the sharpness of their points, then pulling one of them with apparent effort out of the flooring of the stage, he slid it to a considerable depth down his throat. The swallowing part was genuine; but the sword he used for that purpose was provided with a false point, which was left in the wood on withdrawing the blade. I have never seen or heard of any sword-swallowing performed with a keen-edged or sharp-pointed weapon. I may add that Keene had advantage over me, he being the taller by nine inches of the two; and that my capacity of swallow is a marvel to the many leading medical gentlemen before whom, for scientific purposes, I have exhibited.

My engagement with Mr Spicer was rather peculiar. I was a single performer divided into three, and sometimes more. I occasionally appeared in the tragedy or melodrama which was 'supported by the entire strength of the company.' The entire strength numbered half-a-dozen including the driver of the caravan. The legitimate drama was every evening followed by a 'pleasing melange,' in which I made three appearances: first as 'Paul Blanchard the champion sword-swallower of the universe,' then after a brief interval, as 'Monsieur Le Bland the celebrated French acrobat, from the Royal Theatres of Paris;' and third and last, dressed in costume which may be described as a cross between the apparel of a Turkish Pacha and a stage Richard III., I made my bow as 'Victor Delareux the Fire-king, who has performed with great applause before the crowned heads of Europe.' In this character I 'swallowed' handfuls of tow and vomited smoke and flames from my mouth. This trick is easy of performance, and though not dangerous is very disagreeable to the performer. Then followed my feat of drinking boiling oil; which in its turn was followed by a draught of molten lead; and my performance was concluded by a dance, which I performed with my bare feet on a red-hot bar of iron, which I also, in an incandescent state, passed along my bare arms and legs, and licked with my tongue. The 'drinking' of the boiling oil, in which I used to dissolve before the audience a rod of metal, and the drinking of the molten lead, were simple and harmless tricks; and have, as far as my memory serves me, both been described and explained in the early editions of the *Boy's Own Book*, a copy of which was my constant companion

thirty years ago and more. The iron bar performance necessitates the employment of a mixture of chemicals, with which the parts exposed to the red-hot metal are anointed. If the bar is not up to red-heat, the feat is dangerous, as the chemicals will not act. The dancing on the bar must be gone through rapidly, the heel of the foot never resting for a moment on the iron.

My acrobatic and fire-king feats I have long since discontinued, and for many years my sword-swallowing has been subordinate to the less romantic business by which I gain my living. Still I am an old showman at heart, and look back with a melancholy pleasure to the days when I wandered about in gipsy fashion boothing and tenting.

A RESTORED KEEPSAKE.

LOUGH SWILLY, a harbour in the north of Ireland, is celebrated for the beauty of its scenery; but though, when inside the lough, the anchorage is safe, the entrance to the harbour is a very difficult and dangerous one, the coast being what is called iron-bound, and there being several reefs of rocks near the shore quite or partially covered by the sea.

The entrance to Lough Swilly is now protected by lighthouses, one on Fannet Point, and another on Dunree Head; and the various reefs and shoals are marked by buoys in such a manner as to render the entrance to the harbour safe. Formerly it was not so.

In the year 1811 the *Saldanha* frigate, Captain Packenham, was stationed in Lough Swilly as guardship; her usual anchorage was off the little town or rather village of Buncrana; but from time to time she weighed anchor, and cruised for a few days round the coast of the County Donegal. She had been stationed in Lough Swilly so long that some of the officers' wives had come to reside at Buncrana; one or two of the officers and several of the men had even married in the neighbourhood, and all had made friends with the gentry and other inhabitants of the surrounding country.

Early on the morning of the 11th of November the *Saldanha* left the moorings off Buncrana for a three days' cruise round the coast; but though the morning was fine and bright, about noon the weather became dark and lowering; and before the short November day closed, a fearful tempest raged over sea and land. That storm is still remembered as the 'Saldanha Storm;' and some old folks can recount the sad story of the anxious hearts that beat, and eyes that watched through blinding spray and rain for the lights of the returning ship. They were seen at last, not from Buncrana, but from the opposite shore, nearer the mouth of the lough, rapidly drifting into Ballymaddock Bay, along the strand of which the Fannet people eagerly thronged. In this bay there is a dangerous reef of rocks, and on it the ship was seen to strike. If a mighty cry went up, or if any effort was made to save the doomed vessel, no one can now tell. Of that gallant crew, one man only reached the shore alive. Him, the

wild people (half-wreckers) placed across a horse, after giving him a draught of whisky; but whether it was done in ignorance or in order to hasten his end, could not be proved; suffice it to say, that before he could be taken from the strand to one of the country cabins, he died. Many bodies came ashore from time to time, and were reverently buried in the old churchyard of Rathmullan, where the grave and monument can still be seen. It is told that there were three widows that night in one house in Buncrana, two ladies and their servant.

Years passed by; and when the winter storms swept Lough Swilly, part of the sunken wreck of the *Saldanha* would burst up, and the yellow sands of Ballymastocker Bay be strewn with fragments of her planks and various relics of the unhappy crew. The night of the 6—7th January 1839 was marked by another mighty hurricane, as bad, the old men said, as the 'Saldanha Storm;' and in the morning, when the coast-guards made their rounds, the shores of the bay were strewn from end to end with timbers and broken chests, the last of the *Saldanha*.

Among other articles, one of the coast-guardsmen found and brought to his officer's wife a little worked case, such as ladies used to call a thread-paper. It was beautifully made and stitched, and still contained some skeins of sewing-silk and a few rusty needles. On the back were embroidered three initials. I remember the lady, Mrs H—, shewing it to me; and child as I was at the time, I grieved for the sad heart of the embroideress whose loving fingers had set the stitches.

More than twenty years passed away; Mrs H—, who had returned to live in Scotland, and had been left a widow, was spending a few days in the country-house of friends in one of the southern shires. Among the guests was a young gentleman to whom she took a particular fancy. One evening the conversation turned on Ireland and Irish scenery, and Lough Swilly was mentioned. Her young friend seemed much interested, asked some questions about it, and presently said that his mother had lost a brother many years before in Lough Swilly by the wreck of the *Saldanha*. Mrs H— related all she knew of the circumstances, and finally said she had in her workbox at the moment a relic of the ship; and taking out the thread-paper, asked the uncle's name; which, strangely enough, was found to agree with the three initials embroidered on the little case. It further transpired that her young friend's uncle had been a midshipman on board the ill-fated ship, and was his mother's favourite brother.

Mrs H— then put the little thread-case into his hand, and told him how she had become possessed of it. 'And now,' she added, 'take that home to your mother; shew it to her, and ask her if she ever saw it before. Should she recognise it, she is very welcome to keep it. If it did not belong to her brother, let me have it again.' The gentleman left next morning for his home; and a few days afterwards Mrs H— had a letter from him, saying that his mother had at once recognised it as her own work, given to her darling brother when he last had left his home. Surely this relic of one so loved and lost, thus restored after more than fifty years, must have been as precious as though it had been some costly jewel.

THE REINTERMENT OF JOHN HUNTER.

[From *Poems and Ballads*, by James R. Fergusson, son of Sir William Fergusson, Bart.]

To Frank Buckland, energetic protector of fish in particular, and of all dumb-animal creation, editor of *Land and Water*, son of an eminent geologist a former Dean of Westminster, belongs the merit of having suggested that the remains of John Hunter should be deposited in Westminster Abbey. An order having been issued that all coffins should be removed from the vaults beneath the Church of St Martin's-in-the-Fields, Mr Buckland thought of his great professional brother, long dead, and lying there with no 'storied urn or animated bust' to mark the spot; and in a short time his generous zeal carried to a successful issue all proceedings connected with the 'Reinterment of John Hunter.' The place selected is close below a stone that has the words 'O rare Ben Jonson!' and I may mention that, standing by the open grave, I held in my hand the skull that once contained the witty, learned brain of him who wrote the undying line about Shakspeare:

He was not for an age, but for all time.

Within the walls beneath whose shade
The noblest of our land are laid,
I stood and watched due homage paid
To genius bright—
To one whose fame shall never fade
Nor lose its light.

John Hunter, 'mongst the chief of those
Who study all the earthly woes
That 'gainst our bodies frail are foes,
And wound our breast,
Here in this Abbey finds repose
And honoured rest.

The resting-place that first he found
No fame sufficient did redound,
Though many worthy were around,
Most noble dust.
'Let's place him here;' that sentence sound,
All thought it just.

And here he lies, the man whose fame
Detraction ne'er can put to shame,
Whose glory well his works can claim—
His works that bear
The impress of his mighty name
And genius rare.

In mysteries of creation's plan,
In study of his brother man,
His mind all former minds outran,
And far excelled,
And by its strength and mighty span
His views upheld.

A Scot was Hunter, bright the hour,
When Heaven first gave his spirit power
To reach fair Science' highest bower,
And there remain.
May present Scots, in ample shower,
His fame sustain!

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street. EDINBURGH.